

THE NORTH WALK MYSTERY

BY WILL N. HARBEN.

AUTHOR OF
"FROM CLUE TO CLIMAX."
"THE LAND OF THE CHANGING SUN."
"ALMOST PERSUADED."
"A MUTE CONFESSOR."
ETC ETC ETC
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"It is your turn now," said the doctor, smiling genially. "Come in. I won't hurt you. What is your trouble?"

The old man made no response. His eyes were fixed on the floor. A close observer and a suspicious one might have noticed that the long white beard and hair were false. Seeing the paper in his hand, Dr. Lampkin took it.

"Is this for me?" he asked.

The old man nodded. "Yes," he said in a queer, piping voice. "My son wrote it and told me to bring it to you."

The doctor opened it. It ran as follows:

Dr. Lampkin:—Having heard a great deal about your wonderful skill in curing imaginary diseases, I have decided to send my father to you. He has the idea firmly fixed in his mind that early in life while drinking from a brook on his farm he swallowed a small snake. He believes that it has grown to be a pretty large one and that it is eating up his food. Indeed, my father has an enormous appetite. It is nearly over satisfied. Do what you can for him, and the bill shall be paid on presentation to me. I feel that you can do more for him than all the regular physicians put together. Yours truly, JAMES FRITS LAMPKIN.

"Ah, I see!" said Dr. Lampkin, addressing the old man and motioning his assistant to retire. "Your son writes me that you swallowed a small snake when you were young and that it is now giving you some trouble."

The old man looked up suddenly, and his eyes flashed indignantly.

"Ah, he told you that, did he? He admits to you that I have the snake, and yet he has been lying to me about it for the last ten years. I shall go home and give him a good licking. He knows I can't read, or he wouldn't have wrote it."

The patient rose suddenly, as if to leave.

"Be calm," said Lampkin. "He was doing it for your good. As for myself, I believe in being frank about such things. Of course you have it, but I can remove it without any trouble. Come into my office."

"I am a little uneasy about it," said the old man, as he followed the doctor into the other room. "I have had it so long that I am afraid I'd be sort of well, I reckon there would be an empty

place left where it usually stays, which might feel rather uncomfortable, even if it does seem to get more good out of my victuals than I do."

Lampkin bit his lip and turned aside to hide a smile.

"Sit in this big chair," he said. "Your trouble is a very common one nowadays," he went on, to prepare the mind of his patient for hypnotism.

"I don't doubt it," returned the old man, stretching himself in the chair. "I sometimes go into a corner bar to take a drink, and one night I met three men there who claimed to have had them. I don't know what they took to get shot of them. Seems like I have tried every concoction under the sun. Joe isn't a bit particular about his diet."

"Joe?" interrupted Lampkin. "Whom do you mean?"

"That's my snake's name," explained the old man, raising a mild glance of surprise to the doctor. "You see, I have a daughter who keeps company with a young man, and she didn't want me to talk snake so much before him, so I got to calling it Joe, to be polite, you know. I don't see why a man can't talk about a snake he has had one as long as I have."

Dr. Lampkin burst into an impulsive laugh and then attempted to disguise it by plunging at once into the case. He reached up to a shelf and took down a glass jar containing a snake in alcohol. To hypnotize a patient he found it necessary to first secure his entire confidence.

"This," he began, "came from the stomach of one of the wealthiest bankers in New York. I removed it without the slightest difficulty."

"Huh!" sneered the old man, his tone containing a tinge of pride. "Joe can't be compared to that thing. He is ten times as large. He'd have to be quartered or stretched out like a rubber gas tube to get through my throat."

"It is only seems larger to you because it is inside of you," said the doctor, floundering helplessly. Already he was beginning to think he had come across an unmanageable patient.

"If you are going to begin such rot as that, I shan't take a drop of your medicine," the old man blurted out. "I ought to know more about it than you. Have you ever seen my snake?"

"No," replied the doctor, avoiding the confrontations gaze of his patient.

"You've never felt it either?"

"Of course not."

"Well, don't talk to me about what you are as ignorant of as a newborn baby."

Dr. Lampkin opened his lips to speak, but could think of nothing to say and remained silent.

The patient grasped the arms of the chair and raised himself a few inches.

"What sort of medicine are you going to give me? Joe thrives on everything in the way of physic. He seems to look on it as a sort of dessert. I can feel him wag his tail with satisfaction when he gets a dose of medicine. I believe on my life if I was to take half a pound of arsenic he'd reach up to the roof of my tongue to receive it."

"You must not talk so much," said Lampkin, red in the face and still confused. "I shall not use physic. My treatment is through what is known as hypnotic suggestion."

"A new one on me," said the patient. "I don't know as I care to monkey with it. It is something you fellows ain't quite sure of and want to try it on a dog, I suppose."

Lampkin stared helplessly for fully a minute. He looked at his watch and shrugged his shoulders. He could not remember ever having had such a perplexing experience. He almost felt as if the old man were jesting with him, and yet the idea was not tenable when he met his mild glance and heard his plaintive voice.

"It won't hurt you a bit," began Lampkin in a tone of gentle persuasion. "You see, I simply put you to sleep, and when you awake"—Lampkin was thinking of a reptile of more magnifi-

cent proportions which he had in another jar of alcohol—"I'll show you the snake."

"I don't quite approve of the plan," replied the patient dubiously. "You see, Joe and me has been companions, so to speak, for more than 60 years, and I haven't ever laid eyes on him. Now, it don't seem to me that it would be treating him with due respect for me to be sound asleep when he makes his first bow to daylight, don't you know?"

Dr. Lampkin smothered an oath with his hand, and, turning to a seat at the window, sat down. The patient sat up in his chair and stared at him critically, then stood up, reached out to a table and took possession of a cigar and a match.

"If you don't mind," he said, with a snigger, "I'll take a puff or two. Just about this time of day me and Joe are accustomed to a smoke. He's as fond of it as"—

"Have your impudence!" said the doctor.

"I'll take a puff or two," said the patient, lighting the cigar. "I'll show you the snake."

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doctor. "Do you think I haven't anything to do but humor your practical jokes? I knew you the minute you began to talk and thought I'd see how long you'd keep it up. But enough of a thing is enough."

"This snake," quoted Hendricks, grinning audibly—"this snake is from the stomach of one of the wealthiest bankers in New York. I removed it without the slightest difficulty."

"I give in," surrendered Lampkin. "I have never seen you in a better disguise. How on earth did you alter your voice that way?"

"Got a professional ventriloquist to show me how to speak down in my throat," replied the detective. "How did you drop on to me anyway?"

"You may disguise your face and voice," said Lampkin, grinning, "but your humor, you know, would betray you anywhere. There is not another man in America who can get off such weak, dabby jokes. All at once a vast tired feeling came over me. I felt as if I were a sort of composite reincarnation of all the overworked sewing women that ever died, and then I knew you were not far away."

Hendricks laughed. "I presume you are right. I shall not joke tonight for fear of recognition."

"What's up?" asked Lampkin eagerly.

"Want you to take a round with me tonight in a good make up. I left it down stairs with the elevator boy."

"Is it the Benton business?"

"Yes."

"What's turned up?"

"Nothing yet, but I am going to try to make something turn up."

"Are the members of the house party still at Orange?" asked the doctor.

"All of them. Even Allen has gone back to his old room. You remember I told you that Benton's lawyer, Farnhall, had missed some of the old man's papers? Well, he and I have searched high and low in several directions without success. But here is the point—Farnhall has a sneaking idea that he is something of an expert in reading character and has invited the whole party to meet him at his house tonight. He thinks he will be able to draw them all out in conversation and force a confession from some one."

"Then he thinks that some member of the household stole the papers?" asked Lampkin.

"Yes, and committed the murder also."

"Do you think so, too?" asked the doctor.

"Can't answer that question yet," smiled the detective. "But his idea of forcing some one to a confession put an odd idea into my head. They will be at his house at 8 o'clock, and after they leave there we'll get in our little scheme."

"What's that?"

"I shan't tell you. It would spoil the dramatic effect. You'll see it all in the end."

"All right. Have your way," said Lampkin.

Hendricks turned to the door.

"I'll run down and get that make up. It will add 40 years to your age. I want to try it on you. We may not have a use for the disguises, but then, again, they may come in very handy. A good many people know me by sight."

"But," said Lampkin, "if Farnhall should make some one own up, can you still carry out your plan?"

"Nobody will own up," answered Hendricks. "He's a good lawyer, but a poor detective. I have made him promise to let me know if he fails, and then he is to turn the gang over to me. It was not possible for you and me to be present. He was afraid we'd be recognized even in disguise, but we are to wait in his dining room till he gets through with them."

"And then?" began the doctor. But with a laugh the detective had opened the door and gone down stairs.

CHAPTER XIII.

At about half after 7 o'clock that evening the figures of two aged men mounted the steps of one of the new residences in West Thirteenth street, near Eighth avenue.

Farnhall himself met them at the door.

"Come in," he said, with a laugh. "I suppose it is you, though I couldn't swear to it. I was awfully afraid you'd be late and get here after the others."

"I knew the train they'd take," answered Hendricks, and then he introduced Dr. Lampkin.

"Come right back into the dining room," said the lawyer, shaking hands with the doctor. "I shall have to leave you to yourselves, as I must look over some documents before they arrive."

"We can manage very well," replied Hendricks. "Don't let us disturb you."

"I presume if my plan succeeds that you won't object to make the arrest. I thought you would not, so I did not inform the police."

"It would be a genuine pleasure," answered Hendricks; "but, as I told you the other day, I don't believe you can succeed."

Farnhall looked a little crestfallen.

"You don't think so? And in case I fail I suppose you won't let me help you in the plans you have in view."

"Sorry, but it is impossible," said the detective. "You see, we are in disguise, and it would not do to run the risk of adding another man. But I shall do all I can toward recovering the missing papers."

"I am sure of that," said Farnhall. "Well, amuse yourselves as well as you can. If I fail, I'll let you know instantly."

"Be sure to do that," cautioned Hendricks. "I want to follow them as soon as they leave the house."

Half an hour later Hendricks and Lampkin heard the front doorbell ring. The detective sprang to the door of the dining room, drew aside the curtain and peered cautiously into the hall. Voices were heard exchanging greetings, and then they ceased as the drawing room door closed.

Hendricks turned to his companion.

"Good so far!" he ejaculated. "They are all here, every one of them. I was afraid some one would back out on some pretext or other."

An hour passed. Not a word was spoken by the two men. Hendricks sat at the open fire, his hands clasped over his knee. Suddenly he sprang up. They had heard the door of the drawing room open. The hall was filled with the sound of footsteps and voices. Then the front door closed, and Farnhall came into the room.

"I made an ass of myself," he said. "That fellow Ralph is a young dare-devil. He dropped on to me in a very short time and knocked my feet from under me. He offered to bet \$1,000 that I suspected one of them to be guilty of the theft, and he laughed at the idea of the papers having been stolen. He said the old man had simply mislaid them and that they would turn up all right."

Hendricks did not seem to be listening.

"Quick, doctor!" he said. "We must be after them. Good night, Farnhall. I did not think your scheme would work."

CHAPTER XIV.

When they reached the street, they saw the Benton party about half a block ahead of them.

"Making for the Fourteenth street elevated station," said Hendricks.

"That's all right. Kola will catch them a little farther on."

"Kola? Who's that—your East Indian pupil?"

"My teacher in some things—uncanny roles, for instance. He will take them in tow. I am sure of it, for he has never said he would do a thing and failed. There he is now."

A man dressed in the costume of the East Indies emerged from the dark doorway of an uninhabited apartment house in the middle of the block and stepped in front of the Benton party. Hendricks drew his companion into the shadow of a wall and held his breath.

Kola seemed to be talking to them earnestly, and they seemed to be hesitating.

After a few minutes the group moved on, and Kola came toward Hendricks and Lampkin. They heard him laugh as he drew near.

"All right," he said in his strange, musical accent. "They will go as soon as I join them again. I made a pretext

Kola touched his richly colored turban and sauntered after the group.

to leave to speak to you. Go on to my house and wait for me. I'll be there with them."

"Good," said the detective. "Glad you put on those togs. Such things work on the average American mind."

Kola touched his richly colored turban and turned and sauntered on after the group. Hendricks drew Lampkin round and hurried him toward Ninth avenue.

"I am completely at sea," remarked the doctor as they turned the corner and started up town.

The detective laughed. "It's all on the programme," he said. "It would spoil your fun if I were to let you in to the secret just now." Hendricks smoothed out his long beard with both hands. "Blasted hot, these things," he muttered. "I say, doctor, did you ever investigate the psychic powers of the East Indian adepts?"

"No," answered the doctor.

"Do you believe in their so called supernatural powers?"

Dr. Lampkin reflected.

"I am forced to believe that they are much more deeply versed in psychology than we are," he admitted.

"Kola is a marvel," said Hendricks. "The other day when I decided on getting him to help me in this matter I sat down and wrote him a note telling him what I had in view. After I had finished it I laid it aside to write some other things, intending to send it by a messenger. I gave you my word that I was going out half an hour later I met Kola at the door. His face was beaming, and the first thing he said was: 'I am glad to do it, Mr. Hendricks. I am ready any moment to aid you.'"

"I stared at him in surprise, and then the fellow began to blush like a school-girl."

"I forgot," he said, "that you have not yet told me, but I already knew."

"You knew that I had written you?" I asked in astonishment.

"Yes," he replied, and then he told me exactly what I had written. I asked him how he did it, but he made no reply."

"I have heard that East Indians are able to do such things," remarked Lampkin. "I am awfully glad I met him. I want to get at the truth about some of the things that I have heard of his people."

"He could lay your hypnotism in the shade," teased the detective. "He told me he could convince a whole room full of people that he had cut off his own head."

"I don't doubt it," replied the doctor. "What did he say to the Benton party?"

"Oh, he gave them some song and dance about having received some mes-

sage from the stars. He'll then persuade them, through fair means or hypnotism, to come to his house on Twentieth street. He has a queer place there. He must have money. I think he owns the house. It is one of the old residences. It had been closed for ten years before he took it."

"Ah, a light breaks in on me!" cried Lampkin. "You are going to hold some sort of seance."

"Yes, a seance that is a seance," laughed Hendricks. "I would be more explicit, but I want you to see it from the standpoint of an outsider. Are you proof against hypnotism?"

"I think so."

"Well, only be sure that what you behold is not imagination," said the detective, with a knowing laugh.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

state Notes.

Mrs. Catherine Hyde, of Leebenton, Mich., is 165 years old. She has six grandchildren, thirteen great-grandchildren and four great-great-grandchildren.

A farmer drilling a well near Tawas Bay, Mich., seven miles north of Bay City, reports having penetrated a vein of coal six feet, four inches in thickness.

Miss Lulu Weiss, of Monroe, Mich., on March 22 last, started a letter around the world. After about eight months, it had returned with postmarks from Japan, Friendly Islands, the Transvaal, Germany and Newfoundland.

The Souvenir Wheel company, manufacturing bicycles at Grand Rapids, Mich., filed a chattel mortgage for \$10,000 to George Clapperton, trustee.

Farmers of Hamlin township, Eaton county, Mich., have formed an organization for mutual benefit and protection in disposing of their crops.

Captain C. W. Gray of Saginaw, Mich., committed suicide by shooting, as a result of a quarrel with one of his children.

The board of trustees of Albion college, Michigan, have elected J. P. Ashley, Ph. D., of Lima, N. Y., president, to succeed Dr. Lewis R. Fiske, who resigned last May because of advanced age, after twenty years of service.

Wheat—Cash white, 90c; cash red, 81c; May, 81c; bid. Corn—Cash, 27c; Oats—Cash white, 24c; Rye—46c.

St. Louis Grain.

Wheat—Higher; No. 2 red cash elevator, 96c; track, 98c; December, 97c; June, 93c; May, 92c; 92c; July, 89c; No. 2 hard cash, 87c; 89c; Corn—Higher; No. 2 cash, 25c; December, 24c; bid; January, 24c; bid; May, 24c; 25c; Oats—Higher; No. 3 cash elevator, 20c; track, 21c; December, 20c; May, 22c; No. 2 white, 24c. Rye—Higher; 86c.

Detroit Grain.

Wheat—Stronger; No. 1 northern, 85c; No. 2 spring, 86c; May, 85c. Corn—Steady; No. 3, 26c; 26c; Oats—Firm; No. 1, 47c.

Chicago Grain and Produce.

Chicago, Dec. 7.

Following were the quotations on the Board of Trade: Wheat—December, opened 95c, closed 95c; January, opened 89c, closed 89c; May, opened 88c, closed 89c. Corn—December, opened and closed 25c; January, opened 25c, closed nominal; May, opened and closed 25c. Oats—December, opened and closed 21c; May, opened and closed 22c. Pork—December, opened and closed nominal; January, opened 38.5c, closed 38.5c; May, opened 37.75c, closed 38.5c. Lard—December, opened and closed nominal; January, opened 44.32c, closed 44.32c.

Produce: Butter—Extra creamery, 22c per lb; extra dairy, 19c; fresh packing stock, 11c; Eggs—Fresh stock, 38c per doz; Dressed Poultry—Turkeys, 9c per lb; chickens, 5c; 6c; ducks, 7c; 8c. Potatoes—Northwestern, 50c per bu. Sweet Potatoes—Illinois, \$1.50 per 50 lbs.

Chicago Live Stock.

Hogs—Estimated receipts for the day, 33,000; sales ranged at \$2.85 to \$3.45 for pigs, \$3.30 to \$3.50 for light, \$3.20 to \$3.25 for rough packing, \$3.30 to \$3.50 for mixed, and \$3.30 to \$3.50 for heavy packing and shipping lots. Cattle—Estimated receipts for the day, 3,500; quotations ranged at \$4.95 to \$5.40 for choice to extra shipping steers, \$4.45 to \$4.90 good to choice do., \$4.30 to \$4.75 fair to good, \$3.85 to \$4.40 common to medium do., \$3.70 to \$4.20 butchers' steers, \$3.15 to \$4.00 stockers, \$3.00 to \$4.20 feeders, \$1.70 to \$2.30 cows, \$2.50 to \$4.50 heifers, \$2.25 to \$4.00 bulls, oxen and stags, \$2.90 to \$4.00 Texas steers, \$3.30 to \$4.35 western rangers, and \$3.50 to \$6.00 veal calves. Sheep and Lambs—Estimated receipts for the day, 13,000; quotations ranged at \$3.60 to \$4.70 westerns, \$3.10 to \$4.90 natives, and \$4.15 to \$5.75 lambs.

Milwaukee Grain.

Wheat—Higher; No. 2 red cash elevator, 96c; track, 98c; December, 97c; June, 93c; May, 92c; 92c; July, 89c; No. 2 hard cash, 87c; 89c; Corn—Higher; No. 2 cash, 25c; December, 24c; bid; January, 24c; bid; May, 24c; 25c; Oats—Higher; No. 3 cash elevator, 20c; track, 21c; December, 20c; May, 22c; No. 2 white, 24c. Rye—Higher; 86c.

Detroit Grain.

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CASITORIA.

The family medicine of the world.

Dr. J. C. Williams.

THE MARKETS.

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